

THE LIBERATOR.
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only for the financial economy of the paper.]

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 46.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE AND
SLAVERY.

It will be remembered that during the past win-
ter a large degree of excitement prevailed on some
of the Eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay,
relative to the action of the Virginia Conference
of the members of the Methodist Episcopal
Church of the North. The excitement ran so high in
some of the churches, that on one occasion a mob
of violence prevented him from officiating.

To save his life he did not come near the
place. On another occasion the mob surrounded
the church, discharging guns, throwing stones,
and creating the greatest alarm among a portion of
the congregation during the service. About the
middle of the month of January a meeting was held to
denounce the action of the Southern and the Northern
conferences, which meeting was followed by a pan-
theistic, and in the most sweeping denunciation
of the North. This pamphlet, as a specimen
of the kind of excitement which is now prevailing
in the Southern States, is here presented, and
it is hoped that it will be read with interest and
profit.

Whereas, the Discipline says, Virginia Confer-
ence shall be bounded on the East by the Chesapeake
Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, and Philadelphia
Conference shall include the Eastern shore
of Maryland, and Virginia, the Chesapeake Bay,
and an arm of Ocean, being between them? There-
fore,

Resolved, That in our administration we will
regard the Eastern shore of Maryland and Vir-
ginia, as not being border work in the sense of the
plan of separation?

We cannot, therefore, regard all the Metho-
dist Societies within the Peninsula, as under our
pastoral jurisdiction, according to the provision of
the plan of separation; and we have good hope
that there will be an agreement with us in this
opinion when the matter is carefully and dispassion-
ately considered.

If the plan of separation gives us the pastoral
care of you, it remains to inquire whether we have
done anything as a Conference or as men, to for-
feit your confidence and affection. We are not
advised that even in the great excitement which
has distressed you for being members of the pen-
insula, we have done anything to forfeit your
confidence and affection. We are not advised that
any of our members have done anything to forfeit
your confidence and affection. We are not advised
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The committee to whom we referred a certain
preamble and resolution on the subject of slavery
and abolition, recommended the following re-
port:—

That we, the members of the Philadelphia An-
nual Conference, are as much ever convinced
of the great evil of slavery; but at the same time
we know our calling too well to interfere with
matters not properly belonging to the Christian
Ministry. We stand in relation to slavery; and
abolition, where we have always stood, and where
we expect to stand, walking by the same rule, and
with the same faith, and with the same hope, and
in the past may be taken as an index to our action
in the future—therefore,

Resolved, That we will abide by the Discipline
of the M. E. Church as it is; and will resist every
attempt to alter it in reference to slavery so as to
change the terms of membership.

Resolved, That we sincerely deprecate all agi-
tation of the exciting subject which have indis-
cretely divided the Church; and impressed with the
vital importance, especially for these times, of the
apostolic injunction, "Be at peace among your-
selves," we will, as far as lies in our power, "fol-
low peace with all men, and holiness, without which
no man shall see the Lord."

Upon presenting this paper to you in which we
have always stood; it is proper that we should
remind you of the fact that the provisions
in the Discipline of the M. E. Church and of the
M. E. Church South, with respect to slavery,
are precisely the same, even to the very words.

We cannot, therefore, see how we can be regard-
ed as abolitionists, without the Ministers of the
M. E. Church South being considered in the same
light. We must indulge in the hope, that when
the facts and reasonings contained in this address
shall be known to you, and to those among
whom you live, reflection and truth will regain their
wonted ascendancy; and peace and confidence
return to your afflicted community. We would
also say that there are members of this Conference
who have from time to time given you the most
conclusive evidence, by their public acts and writ-
ings, that they are far from being abolitionists,
and who, with confidence and love, abide in the
confidence of their early choice.

In conclusion, dear brethren, allow us to assure
you of our kindest regards, our tenderest sym-
pathy, and our earnest and continued prayers for
you, and to exhort you to use fortitude and
prudence in your several trials. We have confi-
dence that you will stand fast, and prove yourselves
worthy in these your afflictions. We trust in a
short time you will have the presence and spiri-
tual comfort and support of ministers, such as you
have been accustomed to esteem and receive; and
being fully apprised and admonished of their
duties, they will satisfy you by their conduct, of our kind
and upright intention herein set forth to you.

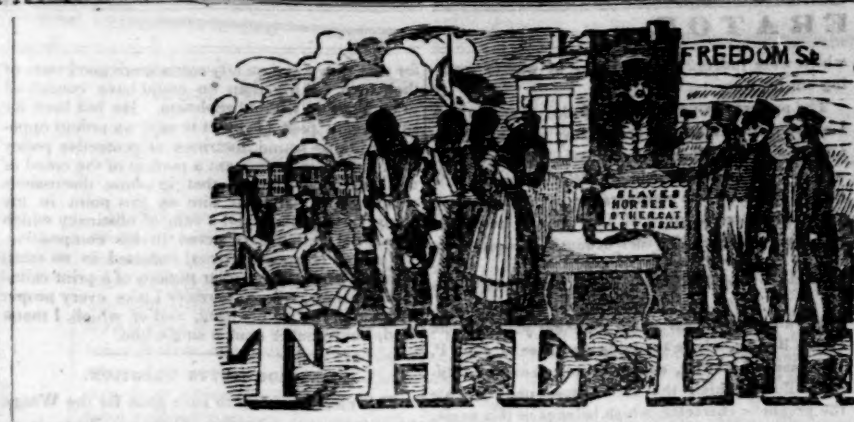
Wishing you all heavenly benedictions, we are,
dear brethren, yours in Christ Jesus.

WM. H. GILDER,
J. P. DURLIN,
J. T. COOPER,
J. CASTLE.

Wilmington, Del., April 7, 1847.

BEAUTIES OF SLAVERY.—A writer in the New
Orleans Delta, after describing the residences of
the owners of sugar plantations, draws this pic-
ture:—

"In beautiful conformity with their residence,
the negro cottages are laid off near the mansions
of the white people, and are nearly in the dark foliage of
the 'Pride of China.' On many plantations these
are built of brick, but on all they are most comfortable,
clean, commodious and desirable residences, such
as we poor folk would be glad to rent at \$25
per month. These are the cottages of a people
about whose happiness and welfare so many folks at
the North who are not half so well off, or as happy
as our negroes, put themselves into such an uncer-
eary state of excitement and solicitude.



THE LIBERATOR

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND

BOSTON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1847.

THE LIBERATOR.

HENRY C. WRIGHT TO ELIZABETH PEASE.

Boston, Oct. 31, 1847.

To ELIZABETH PEASE, }
Dorchester, England: }

DEAR FRIEND—In the Liberator of last week I
gave an account of my visit to Cleveland to see Mr.
Garrison, and the low state in which I found him.

You will be gratified to learn, as will all his friends,
that he is now at home, happy and convalescent, in
the bosom of his family. He left Cleveland for Buf-
falo, per steamer, across that treacherous Erie, Thurs-
day, the 21st inst., and fortunately had a tolerably
smooth passage. He arrived in Buffalo, weak, and
weary—not able to see many of the friends there
who would have been glad to have met him. I had
come to Buffalo, on the 20th, to attend a Liberty
party convention, and met Mr. Garrison there on his
arrival. Saturday, the 23d, we came from Buffalo
to Rochester by Railway—75 miles—and there put
up for the night with our kind and world-loving
friends Isaac and Amy Post. The Railroad, most of
the way, was execrable—the cars jarring, jolting,
and rocking enough to make a strong man weak,
and a well man sick, not therefore, as you may well
suppose, fitted to make a sick man well. I feared
greatly that it would injure him, and it did slightly,
but the smiling welcome and kindly greetings of our
host and hostess, and of other friends that called,
recovered him in a few hours.

Rochester is one of our largest, and most im-
portant inland cities, the staple business of which is
making wheat into flour. It is situated on the Gen-
esee river, some 6 miles from its mouth, where it
empties into Lake Ontario. The large river, larger
than the Clyde at Glasgow, runs through the mid-
dle of the city; and a perpendicular fall, of 100
feet, right in the city, is an object of deep interest
to all travellers and also to the inhabitants. About
two miles below, there is another perpendicular fall
of about the same depth, and between the two the
river falls gradually 50 feet, making 250 feet fall
in about 2 miles. It is an imposing scene. Rochester
is built on the brink of the river and falls. Mills are
built on the verge of that frightful chasm. The
bridge, that carries the Railway over the river, is but
a few yards above the falls. Should it give way
as the train is passing over it, nothing could save the
passengers from being swept over the falls to instant
death. As we passed over that bridge, and looked
down the swollen river that dashed and roared beneath
us, as it madly and furiously rushed to the fearful
leap, I certainly did not feel so comfortable as I
sometimes feel. I should not like to be swept over
these falls; nor have my friends nor enemies swept
over. I am fond of the plunge bath and the Douche,
but to plunge down into that terrible Bath and re-
ceive that great river upon my head and shoulders
would be too much of a good thing. Save me from
such a "PLUNGE"—and such a Douche—John
Murray—if you please. But Rochester is a glorious
and growing city. It annually furnishes many an
English table with nourishing four pound loaves.
Within my remembrance, the land on which that
city stands, could have all been bought for a few
hundred dollars. Now, a building spot can be had
for the moderate sum of 30 and 40 dollars a foot, and
very cheap at that.

Sunday the 24th we came from Rochester to Wa-
terloo, nearly 60 miles; and there spent that night
in the family of Thomas and Maria McClintock.
The journey, thus far, had rather
strengthened than disabled Mr. Garrison. Nothing
could exceed the gentleness and kindly attentions of
this family to our friends. The McClintock family
is well known in Western New-York and to all the
devoted friends of the slave, and of anti-war and of
human progress, as world-wide philanthropists. It
was good to be there.

Monday we came to Syracuse, 40 miles, and were met
at the station by our generous and self-forgetting
friend, Samuel J. May. He took us to his
house, and there we spent two nights, to recruit Mr.
Garrison's strength to endure the rest of the jour-
ney. Here I called on the widow of a very im-
mate friend of mine of Graefenberg, who came
there as a last resort for a disease in the head, caused
by an external injury, and who died there soon
after I left. His brain had received an injury which
no skill of man could heal.

On Tuesday evening, I attended a large Anti-Sla-
very meeting with Charles L. Remond and J. C.
Hathaway. The glorious era of emancipation is roll-
ing—rather rushing on—on railway speed, in
Western New-York. Syracuse, a town of more
than 1200 inhabitants, is truly a wonderful place.
It, and the contiguous and large town of Salina,
originated, and are sustained in their most flourish-
ing condition, by the salt-making business. Hun-
dreds of establishments, for making salt, are in and
about the town. A lake of salt water seems to lie
under the surface of the earth for miles around.
From this water, most deeply impregnated with
line-matter, the purest, white, fire salt is made by
artificial co-operation; and tens of thousands of bar-
rels are sent yearly to every part of the country and
of the world. The intense fires that cause the
evaporation, are kept going night and day; and in
dark nights from heights around, produce a wild and
romantic effect.

On Wednesday, the 27th, we came from Syra-
cuse to Albany, 153 miles; and spent the night
there with Lydia and Abigail Mott, who have stood
amid that darkest city of our land for many years
as pillars of light. Albany is on the Hudson river
160 miles from its mouth, at New York city, a place
of immense trade, as all the trade of Western New
York passes through it. The produce of some 1200
miles in length of fertile territory finds its way to
the ocean through this city of 50 or 60,000 inhabi-
tants. The Railway between Buffalo and Albany
is 325 miles long, and over the whole distance there
is not a hillock to dig through, nor a ravine to fill
up, worth naming. It is almost an unbroken water
level. There is not probably on earth a more fa-
vorable spot for a good railway, yet you can scarce
imagine a more uneven, uncomfortable track. The
rails seem to be thrown down haphazard, and the
cars pitch and tumble like a ship in a storm, and
trundle and rattle over, hobbling up and down, and
swaying from side to side, producing a strong feeling
of sea-sickness and apprehension of danger.

On Thursday, the 28th, we came from Albany to
Boston, 200 miles, and at 7 in the evening, Mr. Gar-
rison took his family by surprise, as he was not ex-
pected for two days. The last day's ride, though
much the longest, was performed with greatest com-
fort to him, owing solely to the superiority of the
New England Railway, to those in New York, or
in any other part of the country. Though it is due
to the New Yorkers to say that they are at work to
improve their track from Buffalo to Albany, and
for the comfort and security of the travelling com-
munity, which, in this country, is enormous, I hope
they will speedily accomplish their projected im-
provements. One thing is wanting in most of the
Railways in this country, i. e. a DOUBLE TRACK.
Until this is had, dangerous collisions and terrible
disasters must of necessity occur, and travelling be
greatly impeded, and the danger great. From Buf-
falo to Boston it is 525 miles—Railway the whole
distance, and on but a few miles of it is there a dou-
ble track; all the cars, both ways, run on the same
track, and depend on occasional places of double
track, for turning out. The fare through the whole
distance is 15 dollars, (£3). An Emigrant train
leaves Albany for Buffalo daily, and carries emi-
grants and 2d class passengers for half price—5 dol-
lars (£1) to Buffalo 325 miles. The tide of emi-
grants rolling West, is very great. I met one train
in which were packed about 1000, all from Europe,
going to plant themselves in the all-receiving
West.

Mr. Garrison is steadily and surely improving,
though he is still weak and trembling, and will not
be able to resume the duties of an Editor for some
weeks. But he is at home, and there will remain
during the winter. He has survived the great shock
and his constitution, he and his friends hope, will
be restored to his usual vigor. But it has gone
through a fiery ordeal. The heart-felt gratitude of
his family and friends is due, and is given, to the
friends in Cleveland and in Ohio, who so kindly
and attentively cared for him, and watched over him
in his sickness. In this expression of grateful af-
fection, I know you, and many other noble English,
Scottish, and Irish hearts will join.

Now farewell, dear friend. On the 9th of August
last, I bade you a final adieu at the "Ben-Hydding
and Wharfedale Water Cure Establishment," under
the care of Dr. McCleod. There I left you. Are
you there yet? I hope you are, searching for health
in pure, cold water, in climbing to the top and
standing on the back of the "Cow and Cat," (two
high rocks on the mountain above the Institution
and valley, and much frequented by patients,) and
there overlooking that glorious Wharfedale and in-
haling the pure fresh air that surrounds you. It
seems to me the very genius of health rides upon
every male that sweeps over that sweet vale. But
one feeling pervades the hearts of your large circle
of unseen friends here; it is one of affectionate in-
tense solicitude that you may be restored to your
wonted health and activity.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

P. S. Bill of fare in the market of Cleveland, Ohio,
for the starring pork of Great Britain and Ireland.

Good Beef, Pork, and Mutton, 4 to 6 cents (2 to 3d.)
per pound. Very best cheese 6 and 7 cents (3 and
3-1/2d.) per pound. Best Butter 12 cents (6d.) per
pound. Best Apples 7 to 10 cents (3 to 4c.) per
barrel—nearly 3 bushels. Indian Corn, 40 and 50
cents (1s. 8 to 2s.) per bushel about 50 pounds. Best
flour 4 dollars, (16s.) per barrel, nearly 200 pounds.
You would be astonished to see the profusion of the
richest and most nourishing food that, morning,
noon and night, covers the tables of the log cabins,
in the woods and clearings of the far and fertile
West. Must the laborers of Europe always live on
the verge of starvation? H. C. W.

LETTER FROM M. STOWELL.

WARREN, Oct. 25th, 1847.

MR. EDITOR—A week or two since, I saw a
notice in the Liberator, of the intention of Wm. W.
Brown to lecture in our town. Accordingly, we
made application to the acting senior deacon of the
Congregational church, for the vestry, for Mr.
Brown to lecture in, in the evening, but were
promptly refused; and the reason assigned was,
that he, the deacon, had no sympathy with Garrison-
ians; and said, "You know, Mr. Stowell, that Gar-
rison is an infidel."

Application was then made to one of the Commit-
tee, who, without giving any reason, answered
"No!" turned short about and walked off, without
even treating the applicant with common civility.—
Application was then made to the Principal of the
Seminary, (who told me a few months since that we
could have the Seminary hall any time for a fugi-
tive slave to lecture in,) who was refused, because he
understood Mr. Brown was a Garrisonian. Our last
hope rested upon the inn-keeper, who had previous-
ly accommodated us with his hall, to whom we ap-
plied, but in vain.

Although the Universalists had previously decided
to keep their doors shut against abolition lecturers,
we thought we would give them one more chance to
show us that they meant something by their profes-
sions of Universalism, or Universal Brotherhood,
and accordingly we applied for their church; but
soon found that they could not keep their church
together, when they were required to carry their
professions into practice.

We finally procured a room over a saw-mill, about
two miles from the village. Mr. Brown, unfortun-
ately, was not with us, owing to some misunder-
standing before he left Springfield, in relation to
having a place to lecture in. However, Father
Henry and a number of others were there, who ad-
dressed a very respectable audience, both in the
forenoon and afternoon. In short, it was one of the
best, if not the best, meeting I have attended these
three months.

Last Sunday, I attended the Congregational
church, and was pained to hear an application of
that passage of Scripture to our nation and people,
which reads somewhat as follows:—"Ye are a great
nation, a peculiar people," &c. After setting forth
our peculiarities in his own way, the preacher af-
fected to be surprised when he thought that there
were many persons so void of understanding as to
think the present church not to be a church of
Christ. He referred his audience to the professions
of the church, but not once to the action and in-
action of the church, or to the fruits by which Christ's
church will be known.

I might give other points of the discourse, which
were in union with the preceding, but will trouble
you with only one more, which was that the church
instead of going back, had not only come up to the
Bible standard, but he said he would take it upon
himself to say, that it had even gone beyond it. This
was going the whole figure, and morrow. I think
the gentleman right, but, on conversing with one of
the church members, she told me she could not keep



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friends in Cleveland and in Ohio, who so kindly
and attentively cared for him, and watched over him
in his sickness. In this expression of grateful af-
fection, I know you, and many other noble English,
Scottish, and Irish hearts will join.

Now farewell, dear friend. On the 9th of August
last, I bade you a final adieu at the "Ben-Hydding
and Wharfedale Water Cure Establishment," under
the care of Dr. McCleod. There I left you. Are
you there yet? I hope you are, searching for health
in pure, cold water, in climbing to the top and
standing on the back of the "Cow and Cat," (two
high rocks on the mountain above the Institution
and valley, and much frequented by patients,) and
there overlooking that glorious Wharfedale and in-
haling the pure fresh air that surrounds you. It
seems to me the very genius of health rides upon
every male that sweeps over that sweet vale. But
one feeling pervades the hearts of your large circle
of unseen friends here; it is one of affectionate in-
tense solicitude that you may be restored to your
wonted health and activity.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

P. S. Bill of fare in the market of Cleveland, Ohio,
for the starring pork of Great Britain and Ireland.

Good Beef, Pork, and Mutton, 4 to 6 cents (2 to 3d.)
per pound. Very best cheese 6 and 7 cents (3 and
3-1/2d.) per pound. Best Butter 12 cents (6d.) per
pound. Best Apples 7 to 10 cents (3 to 4c.) per
barrel—nearly 3 bushels. Indian Corn, 40 and 50
cents (1s. 8 to 2s.) per bushel about 50 pounds. Best
flour 4 dollars, (16s.) per barrel, nearly 200 pounds.
You would be astonished to see the profusion of the
richest and most nourishing food that, morning,
noon and night, covers the tables of the log cabins,
in the woods and clearings of the far and fertile
West. Must the laborers of Europe always live on
the verge of starvation? H. C. W.

LETTER FROM M. STOWELL.

WARREN, Oct. 25th, 1847.

MR. EDITOR—A week or two since, I saw a
notice in the Liberator, of the intention of Wm. W.
Brown to lecture in our town. Accordingly, we
made application to the acting senior deacon of the
Congregational church, for the vestry, for Mr.
Brown to lecture in, in the evening, but were
promptly refused; and the reason assigned was,
that he, the deacon, had no sympathy with Garrison-
ians; and said, "You know, Mr. Stowell, that Gar-
rison is an infidel."

Application was then made to one of the Commit-
tee, who, without giving any reason, answered
"No!" turned short about and walked off, without
even treating the applicant with common civility.—
Application was then made to the Principal of the
Seminary, (who told me a few months since that we
could have the Seminary hall any time for a fugi-
tive slave to lecture in,) who was refused, because he
understood Mr. Brown was a Garrisonian. Our last
hope rested upon the inn-keeper, who had previous-
ly accommodated us with his hall, to whom we ap-
plied, but in vain.

Although the Universalists had previously decided
to keep their doors shut against abolition lecturers,
we thought we would give them one more chance to
show us that they meant something by their profes-
sions of Universalism, or Universal Brotherhood,
and accordingly we applied for their church; but
soon found that they could not keep their church
together, when they were required to carry their
professions into practice.

We finally procured a room over a saw-mill, about
two miles from the village. Mr. Brown, unfortun-
ately, was not with us, owing to some misunder-
standing before he left Springfield, in relation to
having a place to lecture in. However, Father
Henry and a number of others were there, who ad-
dressed a very respectable audience, both in the
forenoon and afternoon. In short, it was one of the
best, if not the best, meeting I have attended these
three months.

Last Sunday, I attended the Congregational
church, and was pained to hear an application of
that passage of Scripture to our nation and people,
which reads somewhat as follows:—"Ye are a great
nation, a peculiar people," &c. After setting forth
our peculiarities in his own way, the preacher af-
fected to be surprised when he thought that there
were many persons so void of understanding as to
think the present church not to be a church of
Christ. He referred his audience to the professions
of the church, but not once to the action and in-
action of the church, or to the fruits by which Christ's
church will be known.

I might give other points of the discourse, which
were in union with the preceding, but will trouble
you with only one more, which was that the church
instead of going back, had not only come up to the
Bible standard, but he said he would take it upon
himself to say, that it had even gone beyond it. This
was going the whole figure, and morrow. I think
the gentleman right, but, on conversing with one of
the church members, she told me she could not keep

"All men are born free and equal—with ee-
tain natural, essential and unalienable rights—among
which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.
Three millions of the American people are in
chains and slavery—held as chattels personal, and
bought and sold as marketable commodities.
Seventy thousand infants, the offspring of slave
parents, kidnapped as soon as born, and permanently
added to the slave population of Christian, (!) Repub-
lican, (!) America every year.
Immediate, Unconditional Emancipation.
Slaveholders, Slave-traders and Slave-drivers
are to be placed on the same level of infamy, and in
the same sordid category, as kidnappers and mon-
stealers—a race of monsters unparalleled in their as-
sumption of power, and their despotic cruelty.
The existing Constitution of the United States is
a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell;

BLUE LAWS AND BLACK LAWS.

A signal proof of the practical value of American piety, has recently been afforded by the simultaneous State of Connecticut. We suppose our readers know there is no State that has made her phylacteries broader, or made louder prayers at the corners of the streets, or tithed mint, anise and cummin more strictly, than this same psalm-singing Connecticut. She is eminently an Orthodox Commonwealth. Heresy has obtained from her borders in an extraordinary manner. Only one or two Unitarian congregations have been able to breathe there, and we are not quite sure that they are not starved to death. Profane amusements have stood rebuked before the severe virtue of her look. Play-actors have fled apace before her face. Balls have been looked out of countenance. Cards and dice are unknown iniquities. The Sabbath is, or was lately, preserved by law as strictly as an English partridge. The clergy is recognized as a true Theocratic Oligarchy. The sanctuary is thronged from week to week, with the desperation of a people stripped of every other diversion. It is the State of colleges, theological schools, Bible, missionary, tract and colonization Societies. If ever there were a nation zealous of good works, here is their habitation. The atmosphere that overlies the land, is heavy with the odor of sanctity.

The laws by which the piety and morality of this peculiar people were hedged around in the elder time, were denominated by the profane, 'the Blue Laws.' And that cerulean hue has thence been taken as the color of righteous souls as well as of 'true hearts.' The old Blue Laws, to be sure, have been somewhat modified, as time has worn on; but the spirit that dictated and inspired them has survived and still walks abroad. That spirit was the spirit of *caste* and of tyranny. That spirit that looked about for some to whom it might say, 'Stand further off, for I am holier than thou!' This spirit is still rife and rampant. It is still embodied in laws, of which the color only is changed. The Blue Laws have given way to the Black Laws,—have as cruel, as absurd, as immoral, as Anti-Christian as anything in the whole circle of the Blue Laws, or as their whole code put together. The Blue Laws were an oppression to man. The Black Laws are an insult to God. The Blue Laws contemplated the texture of a man's soul;—the Black Laws that of his skin. The one had to do with matters within the control of those upon whom they acted. The other with matters over which the sufferers have only the power of the Ethiopian over his skin, or the leopard over his spots. The one code punished men for acts of their own doing; the other punishes them for the crime of their Creator.

Within a few weeks, an amendment to the Constitution of Connecticut, by which the equal political rights of colored men with white men were recognized, was submitted to the suffrages of the People. The proposition, as far as we are informed, stood alone. The bald question whether the color of the skin should be a bar to political equality, was that which the lieges of Connecticut were called together to decide. And what was the decision? Out of some fifty thousand voters, only about twenty-five thousand took the pains to express any opinion at all; and of those that did vote, only some few thousand were found willing to recognize the man of color as a political equal with themselves. Those who abstained from voting may fairly be taken as opposed to the amendment,—so it appears that out of the entire voting population, but about one-tenth were free from this base, degrading, absurd, inhuman, Anti-Christian prejudice of color! We don't wonder any community, in proportion to its size, could be found, in the world, out of this country, that would not be ashamed of political association with such ridiculous barbarians. The Hottentots rise to a high place in the scale of civilization in the comparison. For we do not believe that even a Hottentot would deny the humanity of a Connecticut pedlar, should one find his way to his kraal,—at least, if he had never heard of this political demonstration on the part of the Pedlar State.

The meanness of this transaction is a match for its absurdity. The State of Connecticut, we take it, has not the slightest scruples about putting her dirty hands into the pockets of these colored citizens,—or rather inhabitants, who are no citizens,—and making them pay their proportion of the expenses of the Government, in which they have no voice. Some seventy-five years ago there was none of the Colonies louder in denunciations of the British Parliament for taxing them without representation than this same Colony of Connecticut. She sent Israel Putnam and (which is more to the present purpose) Benedict Arnold to fight the battles of liberty. And having got what she wanted as far as Great Britain was concerned, she turned round and treats a portion of her own population in the same manner. The British Parliament imposed the taxes on tea, glass, and printers' colors, because it supposed that the Colonies were not strong enough to resist the imposition. The State of Connecticut does the very same thing, because she knows that the handful of poor colored men within her borders can offer no effectual resistance to this oppression. She is proved, by her own acts, to be recreant to principle. She is a traitor to the cause for which the Revolution was fought. She shows that now, at least, the spirit of Arnold predominates over that of Putnam in her composition.

Now what can be the motive for such a demonstration as this? The motive we apprehend to be two-fold. It is compounded partly of the wish which low and grovelling natures have to trample on something beneath them. This accounts for much of the persecution of the colored people, everywhere, in the Free States. It is a comfort to the lowest and most degraded of the whites to feel that there is a class of Society which they can despise and trample upon. In the States which make the loudest pretensions to Democracy and regard for popular rights, the popular right of insulting and injuring the colored people with impunity is one of the most prized of all. This element, doubtless, enters largely into the moral composition of this nine-tenths of Connecticut voters. But there is yet another, the influence of which is no less potent. There is no State of which a greater proportion of the inhabitants are engaged in direct business with the South. This traffic, manufacturing, commercial and peddling, extends itself through all classes of Society. And the result is a depth and bitterness of pro-slavery depravity, of which this vote is but an imperfect type.

There is but one thing to be said in mitigation of the sentence of unqualified condemnation, which this recreant State deserves. And that is, that the abolitionists have hardly done their duty by her. They have been too much disposed to look upon her as joined to her idols, and fit only to be let alone. They have passed by to fields of greater promise, and left her to the tender mercies of pro-

slavery religion and pseudo-abolitionism. The result is a proof of the value of the labors of American Theology and of the Third Political Party. Of a Theology in full communion with the Reverend men-stealers of the South, and of a Party which supported for Vice-President a man (the late Mr. Morris) opposed to the repeal of the black laws of Ohio, which showed no earnest opposition to the Annexation of Texas, and which now goes for the larceny of the whole of Mexico, by piecemeal. We cannot but think (paradoxical as the proposition may seem, under the circumstances) that there may be souls in Connecticut, which may yet be saved alive. We commend it to the American A. S. Society as a missionary ground calling loudly upon them to come over and help it. A vigorous campaign or two carried on with the spirit with which the war has been carried into other parts of the enemy's country, we are confident would make an impression, the effect of which would be seen whenever this question shall come up again for popular adjudication.—q.

THE NEW-YORK ELECTION.

The result of the New York State Election has fulfilled our prophecies of last week. The Whigs have carried the State by a very great majority—from thirty to fifty thousand, according to the Tribune. This success is interesting, in a general view, because it may be traced mainly, if not entirely, to an awakening sense of the relations of the North to slavery. The dissenting Democrats, who met at Herkimer to proclaim their determination that the proud waves of slavery should be stayed at their present boundaries, undoubtedly helped to bring about this result, by staying away from the polls, and allowing the Whigs to walk over the course, if they did not actually vote the Whig ticket. The issue of this election is a signal rebuke to the encroaching spirit of Slavery, and to the servile spirit at the North, with which those encroachments have too often been met.

A Whig victory, in itself, is nothing more to the cause of freedom than a Democratic victory. The parties do not divide on fundamental principles, but on mooted questions of political economy, and on the fitness of this or that set of men for office. The only question of principle upon which parties can divide is that of slavery. Neither have, as yet, shown themselves ready to commit themselves fully upon this subject. But it cannot be denied that the Whigs have made more of an appearance of the assumption of a virtue, if they have it not, than the Democrats. That is, they have talked more plainly, at a distance, and made more of a demonstration in that direction than the other party. The Democratic Party have been looked upon, and especially that of New-York, as the inseparable allies of the South; and the conduct of its regular Convention certainly justified the opinion. But it appears that a good thing can come out even of the Nazareth of New-York Democracy. It seems that there is a point at which even political patience ceases to be a virtue. It is a proof of truth that this Whig victory is invested with an interest not its own.

This election is an ominous sign in the firmament of national politics. What will the Archimage of the Union (the newspaper, not the Confederacy) have to say to it? It must needs strike terror into the heart of the slaveholding Oligarchy; for it shows that there is an element of virtue at the North, on which they had not calculated. Honesty is a puzzle to a politician. It is what he cannot understand. It throws him entirely out of his reckoning. When men are willing that their party should be defeated, if thereby a great principle may be promoted, they seem to escape from the category of Sir Robert Walpole, that 'every man has his price.' And those are the only men that hack politicians know how to deal with. The Southern politicians are wise in their generation, wiser far than those of the North; but they are sorely perplexed how to deal with the children of light, however imperfect their light may be. Their maxim has always been the sovereign one, 'Divide and Conquer'; but when the day comes for the genuine lovers of Freedom at the North to unite against them, their wily supremacy is at an end.

Of such a day will this election seem to them to be the harbinger. It is not the day. It is not even its Aurora. It is the first faint streaks of light which tell us that

Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain top!

But in that earliest Dawn, a wise observer foresees the coming of the perfect Day. It is not unlikely that, next year, we shall see an apparent ebbing of the tide that seems now to set so strongly in the right direction. The Whigs have more than once carried the intermediate elections, while all has been put right again when the National Election came round. It may be so again. Much will depend upon the complexion of the candidates either party may set up. But the breach seems to be wider now, between the two sections of the Democratic party than ever before, and to have been made more upon a ground of abiding principle. We hope that a revolution is begun, which, though the waves of its advancing tide may sometimes seem to recede, will never really go backward. That all parties at the North will unite to check the pride and abate the triumphs of Slavery, perceiving how infinitesimally minute are all the other differences that divide them in the comparison. In short, that a great Northern Party may arise to withstand the great Southern Party which has been in the ascendant for fifty years. That will be the end of Slavery; this is the beginning of the End.—q.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

Great horror has been expressed by sundry newspapers, at intelligence which has been lately received, as to the infliction of lashes upon certain volunteers and others, under direction of Lt. Col. Abbott, General Cushing, and other officers in Mexico. As if this were not all regular and *ruleable*! One paper affirms that this punishment was contrary to law, and cites chapter and verse. But this law, if ever in force, is only applicable to the Peace Establishment. That it is of no effect in time of war, is proved by the flogging of Riley and the other soldiers who deserted before the war, at Mexico, by sentence of a Court Martial, approved by General Scott.

Flogging is as essential to the discipline of an army, as to that of a plantation. And it is as absurd for people who hold to armies and to fighting, to find fault with military flogging, as it is for those who justify Slavery, to make wry faces about slave-flogging. Whatever is necessary to carry out any necessary or rightful system, is necessary and right. And military operations can no more be carried on without the cat-o-nine-tails, than plantation operations without the cart-whip or the paddle. It is rather absurd for people in a nation where the agent that puts the labor of half of it in motion is the whip-power, to complain that the same motive force is applied to its armies. And especially when those armies are in the field for the purpose of extending the domain of the whip-power.

We suppose that a distinction is made, in the general mind, between the two cases, by reason of the difference in the color of the flogged. But this is an argument that has no essential weight,—at least in our mind. We had just as lief a white man should be flogged, as a black one. If the whip be good for the impartial distribution of rewards and punishments. And we conceive a volunteer to have as little just reason to complain, when he is tied up for punishment, as would a volunteer to do the cleaner

work of Slavery, in the cotton-field or the sugar-house, induced by the happier condition of the slaves, should he ever find himself in a like predicament. It is an essential element of the one system, as of the other, and if he did not know it when he enlisted, why, it was his own fault. Ignorance of the law excuses no one. It was his business to have found it out.

So there is a great deal made about Col. Wright's having had a man shot for riding too fast, at Monterey. Well, suppose he did. It was according to the rules and regulations, unquestionably. If it had not been, he would have been put under arrest and court-martialed. A great many men have been killed in Mexico during the last year and a-half, on much smaller provocation than riding faster than the rules of a garrison allow. If people will indulge in the luxury of war, they must take it as it is. It is not to be had except upon these conditions. If we want the essence, we must accept the accidents. The agents who carry on the business, and do the work necessary to its carrying on, are not to be blamed so much as they on whose account it is done.

War is a game, which, were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at.

Where the people are the sovereigns, they are responsible for all the folly and all the guilt of war, and its necessary concomitants.—q.

THE NORFOLK COUNTY MEETING.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Norfolk County A. S. Society, which was held on Wednesday, 3d inst., at South Weymouth, was a very successful and prosperous gathering. The day was of the first, and a goodly collection of Abolitionists came together from Norfolk County and the adjoining Old Colony. The meeting was held in Rogers's Hall, neither of the two sanctuaries being obtainable, although we had the privilege of sitting under the very droppings of both. Notwithstanding, we were sufficiently well accommodated, though a meeting-house, and the countenance and encouragement it would doubtless have attracted a larger audience.

As it was, there was a very good attendance in the morning, a full one in the afternoon, and a crowded one in the evening. The speakers were Messrs. Pillsbury, Brown, Quincy, Torrey and Reed, of Abington, Rev. J. L. Russell, of Hingham, May, of Boston, &c. The whole Gospel of Anti-Slavery, in all its relations to Church and State, was opened in its utmost keenness. The Constitution, the Union, the political parties, the Church and Clergy, with their incidental, came up for consideration, and did not go unconsidered away. The audience was exceedingly attentive and quiet, although there must have been much new truth uttered in their ears; if it were true, as was asserted, that there had been no Anti-Slavery Meeting in the town for ten years.

In the evening, Mr. Pillsbury set forth the guilt of the Nation, and of those parties into which it is divided. He demonstrated that the most guilty party towards the Slave was the Third Party; next to them were the Whigs; and the least guilty of all, were the Democrats. This he did in his most pungent and felicitous manner, and he listened to with the most breathless attention. Mr. May and Mr. Brown, also made very effective speeches in the evening. The interest excited seemed to be so general that Mr. Pillsbury determined to remain in the town and follow up the meeting with a lecture the next night. Of the success of this lecture, we shall, very probably, hear from himself. About ten o'clock we broke up, well content with our success, and satisfied that we had not met in vain.—q.

SAMUEL BROOKE.

We learn from Mr. Brooke, who has recently spent a few days in Boston, that the state of his health, as well as of his private affairs, prevents his continuing General Agent of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and that, for the present, he resigns his agency of the American Society. We bid him God speed in his new path, knowing that wherever he is, he cannot forget the cause; and shall welcome his aid, whenever circumstances permit, toward the arrangements of the American Society for agitation in the West. The friends of the slave will never forget the untiring energy, rare self-forgetfulness, and the fertility of resource which have marked his years of service. His restless zeal has traversed the West in every direction, and been as omnipresent as the exigencies of the cause required.

Ohio, with her organized and active Society, her people eager for lectures, her crowded Conventions, contributing liberally to the general agitation, giving a fair and well-earned, and, we hope, a rapidly increasing support to her able organ, the Bugle,—is a striking instance of the good policy of mailing our colors to the mast, of drawing distinct and palpable lines, and getting thus clear of half-friends as well as real foes. To the labors of the Fosters and Joneses, with the few who rallied round them, when many exclaimed that such a course could only alienate and disgust, to their plans, sustained and developed by the zeal and care of Mr. Brooke, the cause owes the glad spectacle of a deeply rooted and influential organization, such as no Western state has heretofore possessed. We hope the movement will be carried forward in the same spirit; laughing at the threats and tramping on the bribes of all the sects, carefully treading out, in their ashes, the lingering sparks of the deceased Liberty Party; we use the term as it was recently applied to Leavitt and Co.—not in the sense just invented by a rating member. 'By Liberty Party please to understand no particular organization, but all the advocates of freedom!!!'

No such 'understanding' will please us; mindful that 'tis easy to hang a dog when you've given him a bad name.—w. r.

W. W. BROWN'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO NATURAL HISTORY.

The letter of Mr. Brown, which may be found in another place, will richly repay a perusal. It may not be strictly on the platform in all its details, but it will be remembered that the Liberator is a FREE PAPER, of which description of periodical we have all of us heard a good deal, if we have not seen much. The facts in Natural History are new and valuable. We wish the precise process of the incubation of the young candidate for the ministry had been described. We are the last man in the world to hint that the hatching of g'slings may be no bad preparation for the Gospel Ministry, as now usually exercised. Perhaps the finding of more nests might be added with advantage to a Theological course.

One of the Emperors of Russia—Paul, we believe,—(though it may have been Catherine)—used to oblige such of the courtiers as had incurred the Imperial displeasure, to induce a pair of feather breccies, and sit in a basket in full court, hatching eggs,—whether the eggs of geese or not, we are not sure that the historian specifies. Here is imperial sanction for such a branch in Theology as we have indicated. And since we have the assurance of the enlightened sovereign in question, is *hopefully* *pious*, we may perhaps infer that the tendency to godliness is hereditary, and that the discipline above described was one of the manifestations thereof.

The Baptist invention for warming the water in the Baptistry, (if that be the proper name) is ingenious and comfortable, but it is not original. The hint was obviously borrowed from Peter Pindar's pilgrim, who

'Took the liberty to boil the pease.'

which were ordered into his shoes, by way of warming out his sins.

The preservative effect of Orthodox preaching on Unitarian timber, is new and worthy of the serious attention of all owners of 'wood-lands.' That is what we call effectual preaching. We commend this matter to the serious consideration of the American Unitarian Association. If they cannot send out preachers of these gifts, their occupation is gone.—q.

HOSEA BIGLOW'S LAST POEM WITH PROLEGOMENA.

We are glad to hear again from our young friend Hosea Biglow, whose thoughts on those of John P. Robinson, of Lowell, we copy below from the Courier. But we think that Hosea does not vindicate the prophetic character which belongs to this name, in his estimate of the Deacon-Governor of Massachusetts. We are much afraid that Parson Wilbur is little better than an Old Whig, and misleads his young catechumen.

It is most unquestionably true that Governor Briggs 'stays at home'; but we apprehend that there never was a greater mistake than that he into 'nobody's tater-patch pokes.' He has sent some eight or nine hundred of his hands into Santa Anna's potato-patch. And all General Cushing has done, has been to head the gang. If Hosea will ask the Parson what 'qui facit per alium, facit per se,' means, he will tell him that, being interpreted, it stands for 'he that sends another to steal his neighbor's potatoes, steals them himself.'

We are sorry to differ from an ingenious youth of the promise of Hosea, but we can't for the life of us see how General Cushing 'goes for the war,' more than Governor Briggs. He has gone to it, to be sure; but that, to our thinking, is entirely in his favor. We like *pluck*, for our part, and have much more respect for the General than *sent*, than for the Governor that only said 'go!' As between Messrs. Briggs and Cushing, we must say that we think

John P. Robinson 'he' is entirely in the right of it.—q.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

George N. Briggs is a sensible man; He stays to his home and looks after his folks; He draws his furrer as straight as he can, And into nobody's tater patch pokes.

But John P. Robinson he Says he won't vote for Governor B.

My! isn't it terrible? What shall we do? We can't never choose him for course,—that's flat; I guess we shall have to come round, (don't you?) And go in for thunder and guns, and all that.

For John P. Robinson he Says he won't vote for Governor B.

General Cushing's a dreadful smart man; He's been on all sides that give places or pelf; He's been true to one party—and that is himself.

But John P. Robinson he Says he shall vote for General C.

General Cushing he goes for the war; He don't vally principle more'n an old cud; What did God make us rational creatures for, But glory and gunpowder, plunder and blood?

But John P. Robinson he Says he shall vote for General C.

We're gittin' on nicely up here to our village, With old fashioned ideas of what's right and what isn't; We kind o' thought Christ went agin war and pil-lage.

And that eppyletts warn't the best mark of a saint;—

But John P. Robinson he Says this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country most allers be took, And President Polk, you know, he is our country; And the angel who writes all our sins in a book, Puts the debit to him and to us the per cent.

And John P. Robinson he Says this is his view of the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these arguments lies; Says they're nothin' on air but jest fer, faw, fum; And that all this big talk of our destinies Is half on it ignorance, and t'other half rum.

But John P. Robinson he Says it ain't no such thing; and, of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur says he never heard in his life That the Apostles rigged up in their swaller tail coats,

And marched round in front of a drum and a fife; To get some on 'em office, and some on 'em votes; But John P. Robinson he Says they didn't know every thing down in Judee.

Wal, it's a mercy we've got folks to tell us The right and the wrong of these matters, I vow; That God sends country lawyers and gets in some fellers

To drive the world's team, when it gets in a slough; For John P. Robinson he Says the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out, Gee!

H. B.

THE REV. MR. WILBUR.

Since we wrote the *Prolegomena* to the preceding poem, (which we did on the morning after its appearance,) a letter has appeared, in the Courier of Saturday, from Parson Wilbur himself, which more than confirms our worst suspicions as to his Old Whiggishness. We are happy to say, however, that he disclaims for his valuable young parishioner any proclivity towards his own political sentiments, and indicates the school in which he has learnt the peculiar notions, to illustrate which he has so successfully invoked the Yankee Muse. When we say that this school is none other than that of the Liberator, we are confident that we have said everything in praise of the doctrines he holds that language can convey.

The views, however, as to Deacon Briggs's character as 'a sensible man,' on which we have animadverted, (unless, indeed, they are ironical,) are quite sure he never learnt in that Seminary. But we suppose that his poetic vision was so fixed on the iniquity of General Cushing in going to Mexico, that he overlooked, for the moment, that because of which he went.

Parson Wilbur's letter was elicited by some strictures upon Hosea's poem, in the Post, in which he was described as a Whig. We have room, this week, only for the following passage of the Reverend gentleman's Epistle, which we must say, in passing, gives evidence of qualities of the head and heart, that would do honor to a Doctorate in Divinity.—We trust that the next Triennial will be amended so as to read thus:—

'Homer Wilbur, Mr. S. T. D.'

'When the paragraph in question was shown to Mr. Biglow, the only part of it which seemed to give him any dissatisfaction, was that which charged him with the Whig party. He says that if Resolutions are a non-sensical kind of diet, that party must be in a very healthy and flourishing condition

for that they have quite eaten more good ones of their own baking, than he could have conceived to be possible without repletion. He has been going for some years past (I regret to say) an ardent opponent of those sound doctrines of protective policy which form so prominent a portion of the creed of that party. I confess that in some discussions which I have had with him on this point in my study, he has displayed a vein of obstinacy which I had not hitherto detected in his composition. He is also (*horresco referens*) infected in no small measure with the peculiar notions of a print called the Liberator, whose heresies I take every proper opportunity of combatting, and of which, I thank God, I have never read a single line.'

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.

This election seems to have gone for the Whigs, by a very small majority. Governor Briggs is re-elected by a majority of from eight hundred to a thousand. This is a falling off of some six or seven thousand from the vote of last year. General Cushing run the Deacon very close,—which was very ungrateful of him, considering that the Deacon made him all that he is, and qualified him for a Democratic candid.

The Atlas calls this 'a glorious result,' and says that, thereby, 'Massachusetts repudiates the war.' We should really like to know how this appears. If voting for Cushing was voting for the war, much more was voting for Briggs! The one would not have been the incarnation of the war, had it not been made flesh by the other. The Atlas calls Gen. Cushing 'a military upstart!' We wish it would tell us, who started him up.

The Whigs seem to have been as a house unusually divided against itself, inasmuch as a much larger proportion of towns failed, on the first day, at least, to elect representatives. The contest, doubtless, between the young and old Whigs, has helped to distract their councils. This, with a railway element, defeated the election of Mr. Keyes, of Dedham, the man of most mark and likelihood, that the last Legislature had to boast of. We are happy to see that Francis W. Bird, Esq., of Walpole, is elected. Eighteen senators, only, out of forty, are chosen. Farther particulars next week.

q.

FUGITIVE SLAVES. It may not be known to our readers that the large Vigilance Committee, appointed in Faneuil Hall, at the time of the South Boston Kidnapping, has either so narrowed its ideas of duty as to be of no use, or is actually dead. At any rate, 'it makes no sign,' and now, therefore, as before, these happy exiles seek our office, often in want of clothing, and always of food and employment. We do not wish to divert the means of any from more useful channels, but merely suggest that a few dollars sent occasionally to SAMUEL MAY, JR., 21, Cornhill, will be dispensed with economy and discretion 'to hide the outcast.'—w. r.

YOUNG AMERICA'S MAGAZINE. Published by George W. Light, 3 Cornhill.

We have received the November number. Mr. Light, whose name as publisher of one or two Anti-Slavery tracts and narratives in years gone by, may be familiar to some of our old readers, makes an agreeable offering to his subscribers every two months. The portion devoted to book notices and miscellaneous matters is interesting and pithy. The selections are remarkably well made, and the original articles, whether from the editor's own pen, or from those of his friends, are often eminently original, and always of practical value. Something from HORACE GREELY has given interest to almost every number, and to several LOWELL has lent a name dear, not only for noble and stirring thoughts, but (rarer merit far), for a life, like Milton's, as noble as his lines.

One of the merits of Mr. Light's Magazine is that its pages are open to all sides of many great questions. Of course every reader meets with some things he would like to criticize and refute. In the contributions of one, whose occasional address to Charles Lamb gives us intimation of his name, we see somewhat that we are glad to suppose must be imaginary affection, as otherwise it would argue indifference to the spirit that agitates the humane and Christian movements of our day.

Some stanzas of the Editor, 'Keep Cool,' in a former number, struck us favorably, one of which run thus:

Can you not reform the world?

Keep Cool;

Only one thing you can do—

Give a brave heart to the work;

Heaven waits no more of you.

Keep Cool.

We think Mr. Light has been remarkably successful, and that his Magazine deserves a high place in the class to which it belongs; and hope he may find sufficient patronage to ensure it a long life.—w. r.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM MR. GARRISON WAS LEFT AT THIS OFFICE, A FEW WEEKS SINCE, BY THE WRITER, AN ELDERLY MAN OF RESPECTABLE APPEARANCE:

AMERICAN HOUSE, Boston, Oct. 15, 1847. RESPECTED SIR:—By way of cheering you in your arduous labors, will you permit a talkative old man to give his reason for addressing you? About fifteen months ago, I attended a meeting in Broadway, New-York, without knowing further about it than that it was an anti-slavery one. I heard the chairman speak; I was much gratified by his Christian principles. I soon learned that you were the speaker. I have indeed thought of your sense and independence, but since that time have never heard of you, excepting from a brief notice in the newspaper, that spoke reproachfully. I seldom read these papers; of course I never heard till yesterday that you were the editor of the Liberator—which I have never seen, nor ever heard of till my arrival here,—probably because I was never before in this city. I leave to-morrow, for London, and have not the least prospect of ever being in these States again; therefore you may take in good part my prayers that your labors of love may be crowned with success.

With much esteem,

Yours, truly,

THOS. DUDGEON.

ON our last page will be found an interesting paper, issuing from the Western Peace Society, to which we invite our readers' attention.

THE BAZAAR. To the Friends of the Cause, who wish to help in the decoration of Faneuil Hall for the Bazaar.

Great quantities of the 'running pine' (as it is called in some places) will be needed. Many dozens of barrels full of it will not be too much. It need not be made up into wreaths, as we are promised much help on the floor of the Hall, in preparing and decorating. Only give us the raw material in abundance, that we may not be obliged to expend the hard-earned funds of the occasion in paying bills for it to be over.

The savin, or red cedar, is to be the basis of the evergreen material. Friends having it in their power to supply one or several loads of the 'savin brush' are entreated to communicate immediately with the Committee, as also those who can furnish the running pine.

Ladies intending to come to town to superintend the sale of their own goods, and who have no friend residing in town, are requested to communicate their intention to the Committee, that we may do all in our power towards their hospitable reception.

M. W. CHAPMAN,

For the Committee.

N. B.—Will the Standard please copy?

WEYMOUTH ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

We know that a brief account of our recent Fair and Tea Party will be acceptable not only to the members of our Society, but to all those who contribute to that success, whether as donors or purchasers. Our Fair opened on the evening of Tuesday, 19th of October, and continued through Wednesday and Thursday, closing on Thursday evening, our customary Tea Party. Our success was greater than we had anticipated, much exceeding that of any previous year. Our receipts were \$1,000. Our earlier Fairs, before New Organization had increased our numbers, our success was greatly inferior to that of this year. May this circumstance stimulate us to more earnest and self-sacrificing efforts.

We impute our increased receipts to several causes. Our articles were more valuable than usual, the price of admission to the Fair less, and the attendance of laborers of Mr. Pillsbury, in this place, had widely attracted the attention of the people to the anti-slavery question. Still we believe it is the 'patient continuance' in anti-slavery efforts, to which we are mainly indebted. Even a proslavery tendency must be the result of conscientiousness, and are impelled by degrees to contribute a certain amount of indirect aid.

On the evening of the Tea Party, the Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and it was with great difficulty that arrangements could be made for the comfortable accommodation of our numerous guests. Under these circumstances, we cannot but bear to notice the perfect good-breeding and courtesy that prevailed. It would have been impossible to have served so large a company in so short a time, had not the politeness usually shown by a private society been very extensively exhibited.

The Rev. Mr. Dennis, the former minister of the Universalist Church, preached, and after prayer the Rev. J. M. Spear, very excellent and interesting addresses were made by Messrs. Dennis, May, Spear and Ford, interspersed with music and anti-slavery songs.

Our grateful acknowledgments are due to the friends who assisted in the decoration of the Hall, and in making provision for the Tea Table; we would particularly express our obligations to Mr. Ward, family for their kindness and help.

A. W. WESTON, Sec.

LETTER FROM W. W. BROWN.

Worcester, Oct. 30, 1

NORTHAMPTON WATER-CURE

PENNSYLVANIA.—M. Preston, near
James Fulton, Jr., McWilliamstown;—Thomas Ham
leton, Russellville;—B. Kent, Andrew's Bridge;
John Cox, Homerton;—James M. M Kim, Philadel-
phia; JOSEPH FULTON, Penningtonville.
OHIO.—Lot Holmes, Columbiana.